

HERE'S A PAPER OF IDEAS.  
IN ADDITION TO ALL THE CURRENT NEWS  
To-Day's EVENING WORLD  
WILL CONTAIN:  
1. The Kilrain-Killrain Postal Card Vote.  
2. The Popular Fish Story Continued.  
3. A Column Letter Written by a Condemned Murderer in the Tombs.  
4. The Milk Babes Fund.  
5. An Illustrated Original Poem by Penney.

PRICE ONE CENT.

# JOHN L. REFRESHED

He Awakens as a New Man at Cincinnati This Morning.

A Night's Sleep Removes All Traces of the Traveller's Fatigue.

The Big Fellow Increases His Lead in the Postal Card Vote.

But Kilrain Appears the Winning Man to Many Minds.

Mosquitoes More Bother Than Proclamations at New Orleans.

# MITCHELL IN A NEW LIGHT.

## THE SECOND DAY'S VOTE.

John L. Sullivan..... 986  
Jake Kilrain..... 181  
Draw..... 17  
Fizzle..... 9  
The postal card vote on the burning question, "Who will win the great fight—Sullivan or Kilrain?" swamped The Evening World mail-boxes this morning.  
All postal cards should be addressed to the Sporting Editor, The Evening World, The polling closes at 6 p. m. Friday. Put in your vote at once. As many names as desired may be attached to a vote on a card. The postal cards will be preserved for verification of record until after the contest.  
Here are a few of the many brief expressions of opinion:  
**Foretold by a Dream.**  
Who will win? John L. Sullivan.  
Why? A dream foretells it.  
J. L. ALLEN, Brooklyn.  
**With a Big "S."**  
Put me down for John L. Sullivan with a big "S."  
J. L.  
**Remarkable Reasons.**  
Kilrain—For the following reasons:  
1. His chest.  
2. His mental abilities.  
3. His sobriety.  
4. His meekness.  
5. His Christian character.  
6. His excited calling.  
**A Matter of Course.**  
J. L. Sullivan, of course. R. THOMAS.  
**A Kilrain Enthusiast.**  
Kilrain for the winner. Five hundred dollars additional if he will knock the low-lived chump, Sullivan, out. Great big drunken N. G.  
New York, July 2. HARRY ROBERTS.  
**This Should Knock Out John L.**  
If contestants fight to finish, Kilrain to win or a draw.  
CHRISTOPHER FERNANDUS VAN BUREN, STUTTGART, GERMANY, 42 E. 10th, Hoboken.  
**A Tip.**  
Bet on Sullivan in the morning.  
Bet on Kilrain at night.  
Bet on Sullivan the whole day long.  
For he's going to win the fight.  
J. M. ROSE.  
**\$10,000 Here Beating.**  
My man is J. L. Sullivan. I have \$10,000 to bet on him, but can't find a Kilrain bet.  
BILLY PORTER, Dead Sport.  
**Too Much Lager.**  
If Sullivan intends to win that fight he will have to quit his lager beer and go for the sand bag for all he is worth. I vote for Kilrain every day in the week.  
WILLIAM MCKAY.  
**Sullivan's Double Chin.**  
Kilrain the winner. Sullivan's double chin is a bad sign.  
CHIEF INDIAN.  
**Soup for John L.**  
Kilrain will win. Sullivan will be in the soup.  
JACK THE KIPPER.  
**For His Mother's Sake.**  
Sullivan a winner for his dear old mother's sake.  
JACOB MANN.  
78 University place, city.  
**A Funeral in Prospect.**  
If Mr. Kilrain stands up to John there will be a funeral. Sullivan will win July 12, and John L. will ride in the first carriage.  
RACKLAND.  
**Confident.**  
If Sullivan would stick to Muldoon and shake whiskey he could whip Kilrain in two or three rounds. anyhow. I feel confident that he will win, and act accordingly.  
F. S. T.  
**The Strength of a Hamster.**  
Sullivan is my choice, for he has the strength of a hamster and the courage of an "Achilles."  
H. J. F.  
94 South Fourth street, Brooklyn, E. D.  
**A Dollar at Stake.**  
Sullivan will get there with his mighty "right," and will win me \$1, and don't you forget it.  
W.  
**Oh, It Won't Be So Easy.**  
Sullivan, without an effort.  
EMILE WELLS.  
828 East One Hundred and Twenty-third street.  
**Sullivan's Science.**  
Sullivan shows more science in his slugging, and he will knock Kilrain to kingdom come inside of five rounds, sure. WILLIAM COCKRAN.  
**The Greater Threat.**  
Winner—Sullivan. Cause—Greater of the two brutes.  
LEON, 635 Broadway.  
**Sleeping Partner for Jake.**  
When John L. takes Kilrain have one of his letters he will wake up. But oh! when he gets his right it will put him to sleep.  
J. O. McILLOIN.  
**A Reckless Offer.**  
Sullivan or I will bet my head.  
J.  
**A Family Vote.**  
The Kennedy family, consisting of sixteen in number, ranging from ninety years to five months, all believe J. L. Sullivan a sure winner.  
K.  
**"Booze or No Booze."**  
"Booze or no," "booze," John Longfellow Sullivan for me. DICK CORMEN, 108 Park Row.  
**In Three Rounds.**  
Sullivan, in three rounds. B. B. H.  
Poughkeepsie, July 2.  
**Backs It with Money.**  
I send you my vote for the champion fighter of the world, my candidate being John L. Sullivan. Kindly state that Sullivan will



NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JULY 3, 1890.

# CRUELLY BEATEN.

Little Annie McNally Suffers from Her Drunken Parents.

Michael J. F. McNally and his wife, Kate, were arraigned before Justice Hogan in the Tombs Police Court this morning on the charge of assaulting their eleven-year-old daughter, Annie, and with general inhuman treatment of her.  
The child was not in court, as she was sent to the hospital for treatment.  
Agent Becker, of the Children's Society, told the story of the complaint and arrest.  
On July 1 the Society received the following letter, which was written on a small piece of paper in an illegible hand:  
"There is an awful case of things down at 173 Hester street. A drunken mother and father, the parents of a girl eleven years old. The father gets drunk and tears around the yard, swearing at everybody and always fighting with his wife. The child is sometimes drunk, too. A crying shame. Near by."  
A SORRY NEIGHBOR.  
Agent Becker went to the house and found that the child was in a worse state than he had imagined. The poor little thing was a mass of sores, and there were deep black rings under her eyes.  
Her hair was matted, and together with her thin face and deathlike complexion presented a ghastly sight.  
The neighbors told stories of McNally's cruelty and how the family got drunk and bled together. Upon the child's strength of this evidence they were arrested.  
When the officers called at their hotel last night the family were asleep. When they awoke they declined to go to the station-house, but finally concluded to do so.  
The rooms where the family lived were dirty and full of wild disorder. The furniture in the place was an old stove, two broken chairs and a dirty mattress. A can, partly filled with stale beer, stood on the table.  
The child was locked up in the Mulberry street police station.  
When the couple were arraigned in court this morning Judge Hogan's eyes snapped at the sight of the child and the mother.  
The man was pale and thin, while the woman was greatly bloated.  
McNally started to defend himself by blaming the trouble on his wife, and she turned it back on him.  
Agent Becker related how the woman had been imprisoned before for cruel treatment of Annie. The husband had taken the child and promised to do better.  
According to Agent Becker, the man is a good man and bricklayer and is able to make a good living.  
In answer to Judge Hogan's question Agent Becker said that the child had become an imbecile through the inhuman beatings she had received and would be transferred to Randall's Island.  
Justice Hogan then lectured the couple. He said that it was one of the most shocking cases he had heard of.  
"There is no excuse for you," said he to the man. "You are well educated and have several good trades, and according to your statement, can earn \$4 a day when you work."  
"In beating this poor little child, your own daughter, you committed a most cruel and revolting act, and I sentence you both to one month."  
"I'll have my beer when I get out just the same," said the man with a sneer as he stepped down.  
**FOUR DAYS IN OUR RESERVOIR.**  
The Corpse of a Man Whom No One is Able to Identify.  
Three women and two men called at the Morgue this morning to look at the body of the man who was found drowned in the east basin of the new reservoir in upper Central Park yesterday. They could not identify him, however.  
The dead man was about forty-five years old, and he had been in the water for several days. He was bloated and decomposed almost beyond recognition.  
The "nothing" found in the clothing might lead to his identification. He was bald-headed, and wore thin gray side whiskers.  
His clothing was old and of common material. There were no signs of violence on his person. He was buried in Potter's field to-morrow.  
**WHERE GOV. HILL WILL BE.**  
His Fourth of July to be spent at Normandy, N. J.  
Gov. Hill, who quietly left Albany a few days ago, is expected to spend the Fourth of July at Normandy, N. J., where he has been located by a correspondent of the *Hartford Connecticut Post*. He is at Normandy-by-the-Sea, N. J. The correspondent saw him last evening sitting on the piazza of the hotel in a suit of gray and a slouch hat. The Governor was reading and, much to the visitor's surprise, had an excellent command of the English language.  
"I came down here for quiet," he said, "and will stay over the Fourth. When spoken to about the glasses he said, 'I've had to come to them.'"  
**500 DERVISHES KILLED.**  
They Fell in a Fierce Battle with Col. Vandenhoeke's Forces.  
SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.  
CAIRO, July 3.—A force of Egyptian troops under Col. Vandenhoeke has fought and defeated a detachment of dervishes at Arguin.  
It is reported that two English officers were wounded and that the Egyptian killed and wounded numbered seventy.  
The dervishes lost 500 men. Their survivors fled and are being pursued.

# LAME EXCUSES.

The Park Board Has Ample Power Against the Huckleberry Road.

Sixty-four Officials and \$170,000 a Year to Do It.

Duty of the Department to Compel the Road to Repair Its Tracks.

Just now the question that the people of the Twenty-fourth Ward are asking each other is, "Why doesn't the Department of Public Parks come up here and investigate the 'Huckleberry Road' for itself?"  
The charter of the road requires the Company to keep in repair the road covered by its tracks, and it is the duty of the Park Department having exclusive jurisdiction over all roads in the Annexed District to see that this is done.  
For such work in the annexed district alone the Park Commissioners have the services of a Superintendent on a salary of \$2,500, and sixty-three men who receive in the aggregate \$69,000 a year.  
Besides this there is an appropriation of \$100,000 a year at the service of the Park Department for paving and repairing streets in the annexed district.  
The Park Commissioners know very well that for years the Fordham and West Farms alleged railroad has been a source of bitter complaint among the residents of the annexed district, and they have inspectors stationed in the district whose duty it is to see that the streets are kept in proper repair and report all cases where there is a neglect to do so on the part of corporations who are responsible for their condition.  
In view of these facts the statement of President Hutchins that the Park Department has no power to act except upon formal complaints made by citizens seems a very lame excuse to residents of Fordham.  
The case of North Third avenue, where the claim is, very different from that of an ordinary street in the Twenty-fourth Ward, because the Company is then engaged in the "Huckleberry" is bound by its charter to keep the street in good repair.  
The Park Commissioners are not obliged to devote any of their own funds to him, but they have full authority to compel the Company to make the repairs.  
In fact the suffering Fordhamites say that the Park Department is not doing its duty in the matter and did not care whether the Company was held to its responsibility to the public or not.  
Many complaints have been made in previous years of the bad condition in which the "Huckleberry" people kept the street, and the Company has refused to make any repairs. The Park Department now it is because experience in the past has shown that they did no good.  
Every opportunity has been offered to the Park Department to show that it could be public spirited and take the matter into its own hands, and its failure to do so is as bitter as the complaint of the residents of the district as the lax management of the road itself.  
"Why should we be compelled to go to the trouble of getting up more petitions and securing signatures," said one indignant citizen, "when the Inspectors of the Park Department in this district know as well as we do just what the condition of affairs is?"  
"The Inspectors are employed and paid by the taxpayers to do just that sort of thing," it is their duty to bring it to the attention of the Department and not ours. They seem to be trying to shift the entire responsibility upon the citizens instead of shouldering it themselves.  
"I think this is right or fair, and the people of this district intend to make the Commissioners understand this."  
There is a corporation that has been paying big dividends and is fully able to keep the line in repair as well as give decent accommodations.  
The Park Department will not have to spend any money to make it live up to the provisions of its charter, and what we want to know is, why they have not done so long ago.  
"We do not expect that such a line can be run as a first-class city road, but we do claim that we are entitled to something that approaches decent accommodations. At least we ought to have as good as the charter calls for."

# A STARTLING CLAIM.

Dr. Brown-Sequard's Secret of Perennial Youth.

The Great French Scientist's Alleged Wonderful Discovery.

Experiments First on Animals and Then on the Doctor Himself.

The *Courrier des Etats-Unis* has published an account of the most startling discovery of the age. It is the secret of perennial youth. Dr. Brown-Sequard is Claude Bernard's successor in the College de France and one of the most eminent specialists in nervous diseases in the world. He is President of the Biological Society of Paris. At the last reunion of that body, a few weeks ago, the venerable old scientist, bowed with seventy-two years of existence, rose and in slow, firm tones addressed his colleagues thus:  
"Gentlemen, I believe that hereafter the question of preserving youthfulness can be studied and solved by what science has given us."  
Dr. Brown-Sequard then went on to say that transfusion of blood had not solved the problem of rejuvenating age. The blood is a great distributor of oxygen to the organs, but the organs themselves are the depositories and transformers of forces.  
"Then," Dr. Brown-Sequard continued, "if a man old and feeble the living cells of a young and vigorous being could be injected, why should he not vibrate in unison with this fresh life, which pervades him so intimately?"  
Twenty years ago Dr. Brown-Sequard advanced this view in a lecture before the Medical Faculty of Paris. Since then he has devoted himself to constant experiments on old animals.  
On the 15th of last May, believing that he had arrived at a convincing proof of his view, he chose himself as the next subject for experiment.  
This latest searcher for the fountain of youth and the well-spring of life, obtains his material in this way:  
He takes from young living animals, such as dogs and pigs, certain organs. These, still palpitating, he casts into a mortar and brays, and the organs are then combined with distilled water and the liquid was filtered.  
After this elixir was thoroughly clarified Dr. Brown-Sequard administered to himself a cubic centimetre with an hypodermic syringe, just as morphine is injected.  
The doctor declares that the day following the experiment, after two injections of this vital essence, he felt himself transformed. Up to that time, half an hour's work, standing up in his laboratory, exhausted him. Now he declares that he can stand for three hours uninterruptedly without the least repose. His appetite has increased, his sleep is sweet and refreshing, his stomach performs its functions admirably and his intellectual labor is performed with wonderful ease and clearness. His feelings, also, have become youthful.  
Dr. Brown-Sequard declared that the dose he took was equivalent to ten years' rejuvenation. Truly Pascal's remark seems true, that the mind tires of conceiving before wearying of supplying.  
If further experiments verify the startling assertions of this Parisian scientist, then truth will be stranger than the fiction of Gold, Faust, Halloway, "Strange Story," and Edmund Spenser's "Man with the Broken Ear."  
Sullivan's forty years of investigation into the nervous system.

# PLENTY OF ICE.

The Increase Just a Gouge on the Part of the Companies.

"We Have a Corner in It and All Must Have It," They Say.

No Stop Even at the Present Rate—Seventy Cents Already Asked.

A storm of popular indignation before which one would think even an ice company would quail, has been raised by the action of the managers of the big companies in ordering yesterday an increase in price from 40 to 55 cents per hundred pounds, and from 35 to 45 cents per ton.  
This cruel burden, of course, falls most heavily upon the working man and his family, especially those in the very poorer section of the city.  
The daily piece of ice either grows infinitesimally small under this new extortion or has to be dispensed with entirely, greatly adding to the sum total of human misery in this city.  
The cry is very bitter against the companies who have had to pay no more for their harvest this year than in any previous year, but who yet put on the screws in blind indifference to the suffering they may cause.  
An Evening World reporter visited the offices of several of the large ice companies this morning, but the officers refused to speak in regard to the matter.  
Upon this the reporter walked down to the docks where ice is received. There was an abundance of ice at every one of the docks.  
At Pier 23, East River, a gang of men were busy unloading a large ton of ice. In answer to the reporter's inquiry for the Superintendent, a tall, stout man stepped forward and said that he was in charge of the work.  
This is the dock of the Mutual Benefit Ice Company.  
"Yes, our Company raised the price along with the rest," he said, in answer to the reporter's query.  
"And what is the scale now?" asked the reporter.  
"The scale ranges all the way from 44 to 56 per ton. Butchers, grocers and others in the same line have to pay 55."  
"Our price before was \$3 and 84 a ton, but we're just as much at the new price as at the old."  
"What is the reason for advancing the price?"  
"I don't suppose there is any good reason," said the Superintendent, "but the weather's awful hot, and everybody's got to have ice at any price. So they'll pay anything we ask to do with the ice."  
"That no more than right, is it? If you had a corner in anything you'd press it for all it was worth, and that's what the companies are doing," said the reporter.  
"Then again there has been a large outside demand that we've found hard work to supply, and this extra draft upon us has had a great deal to do with it."  
"Do you think that the companies will raise their prices again before the end of the season?" asked the reporter.  
"That's hard to say," he answered. "But I shouldn't think there would be. Six dollars a ton is a good price to pay, but you can't tell until you see how the crop lasts."  
"One thing is sure, and that is, the price has been lower until the latter part of August or beginning of September, when the weather begins to be cool and the demand will be less."  
"But the companies have the people on the hip at present and it'll do 'em no good to kick."  
Whether these high figures can last is a subject of doubt. The hotel men have contracts at stipulated prices and are not affected, but they take an active interest in the matter.  
We are told that the Astor House, when seen by a reporter said:  
"I understand that since Monday contract prices have been raised from \$3.50 to \$5 a ton, and retail prices on the street from \$5 to \$7."  
"I have learned, however, that there is not the slightest necessity for the change."  
The hotel men are not much concerned over the action of the companies, and talk of reducing their supply to a minimum. In this event the corporations may reduce rates, but this will in no way help the poorer people.  
They will have to pay the increased price or go without, and to go without ice in this weather means sickness and in some cases death.

THE GROWTH OF A YEAR.  
THE JUNE RECORD. CIRCULATION. "WANTS."  
1889 - - - 8,498,785 64,347  
1889 - 10,035,450 60,467  
THE WORLD'S CIRCULATION EXCEEDS THAT OF ANY TWO OTHER AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS, AND ADVERTISERS APPRECIATE IT.

PRICE ONE CENT.

# EXTRA

2 O'CLOCK.

EXCITING BLAZE.

Double Alarm at Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street.

Peril and Brief Panic Amid the Girls at the Palais Royal.

Miss Abels Starts a \$30,000 Blaze and Narrowly Escapes Death.

"Fire! Help! Help! Quick!" was the cry in a girl's voice which startled Bookkeeper John Gms as he was at work in his office in the basement of the Palais Royal fancy store at 141 Fourth street about 8.30 o'clock this morning.  
Looking towards the rear of the store Mr. Gms saw a puff of smoke and then a flame, and rushing to the spot he found Bertha Abels, one of the stock girls, trying to beat out the fire among some loose rubbish with a stick.  
Her dress was ablaze and had he not instantly thrown a rug about her and extinguished the flame she would have been burned to death.  
As it was she fainted away with fright and had to be carried out.  
Gras called loudly for help, but the fire had made such headway among the inflammable packages that it was impossible to extinguish it.  
A moment later an alarm had been sent out from the corner of Fifth avenue, which was followed by a second call as soon as Chief Bonner had arrived at the scene.  
Although it was early in the morning, all the sixty employees of the establishment, mostly women and girls, were in the building.  
Only Gms and Bertha Abels were in the basement when the fire started, and every one got out safely, although there was something of a panic at first.  
After two minutes had passed to get at the seat of the fire on account of the smoke and the depth of the building, but they prevented it from spreading above the first floor, and it finally turned out the rear part of the store.  
Within an hour they had it under control. Bertha Abels, who is only fifteen years old, was carried to the hospital, but she must have fainted when she recovered from her fright that she was almost entirely uninjured.  
She said that she went down to the basement to get a package and dropped her ring on the floor in a dark corner.  
She lit a piece of paper at the gas jet to look for it, and the next thing she saw was a blaze behind her. She thinks she must have dropped a piece of the flaming paper upon a heap of packing material lying on the floor.  
The building is a four-story brown front and the Palais Royal store occupies the first floor and basement. The proprietor of the establishment is Mrs. Rosa Lauer, who lives at 115 East Seventh street. The business has been carried on by her at the same place for ten years past.  
It is stated that the stock was valued at \$70,000 and it is estimated that it was damaged \$15,000 to \$20,000. The stock was fully covered by insurance and the fixtures were insured at \$8,000 in addition. The house belongs to the Bedford estate and is damaged probably to the extent of \$5,000.  
The occupants of the three upper stories are Moreno & Lopez, the photographers; N. Mandel, tailor; and E. Kelle, ladies' tailor. Their belongings were hardly damaged at all except by smoke.

# WILKIE COLLINS VERY ILL.

HIS PRESENT STROKE OF PARALYSIS THE SECOND HE HAS SUSTAINED.

BY CABLE TO THE PRESS NEWS ASSOCIATION.  
LONDON, July 3.—The news of Wilkie Collins' prostration by paralysis becomes general this morning and occasions much solicitude for the great novelist, this being his second stroke.  
Mr. Collins was to have attended the farewell banquet given to Mr. and Mrs. Renial before their departure for their American tour.  
He had contracted to give a lecture upon the measure of meeting the people who were among the guests, but illness overtook him before the dinner, which occurred on Sunday.  
**MITCHELL IN A NEW LIGHT.**  
SINCE PONY MOORE MAKES HIM KILRAIN'S POSSIBLE AVENGER.  
SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.  
BALTIMORE, July 3.—The assertion by Pony Moore that he will back Mitchell against Sullivan, should the latter defeat Kilrain on Monday next, is the reigning topic here today.  
Neither Jake nor Charley has kept himself out of sight during the training and their figures are familiar to the people of the vicinity.  
The Englishman's quiet conduct has remained the prejudice which some men entertained towards him, and interest has hitherto been centred upon Kilrain; but now that there is a contest upon the issue of the measure of meeting the people who were among the guests, but illness overtook him before the dinner, which occurred on Sunday.  
Pony Moore is confident, however, that Jack will win, and does not hesitate to say so or to back up his words.  
It is ready for the departure of the Kilrain party at any hour which may be fixed. They are expected at New Orleans on Friday, and if they get there then the sports will see Jake still in the pink of perfect condition.  
The pugilist spends most of the spare time he has with his wife and family, but he is not for a moment to be seen or heard of for a moment of keeping up his form.  
A Deputy in Comptroller Myers's Chair.  
Comptroller Myers, not belonging to the class of officeholders who will celebrate the Nation's birthday at Tammany Hall, has taken a run out of town to Burlington, Vt., for a few days.  
Deputy Comptroller Richard A. Byrne has been authorized to act for him until July 7.  
County Clerk Kelly Back.  
County Clerk Edward E. Kelly and bride have returned from their wedding trip, which embraced a tour through Canada and to the White Mountains.

# BASEBALL STANDINGS THIS MORNING.

National League.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
Montreal	20	10	1.000
Philadelphia	20	10	.909
Pittsburgh	19	11	.818
St. Louis	18	12	.750
Chicago	17	13	.714
Cincinnati	16	14	.667
Baltimore	15	15	.600
Washington	14	16	.556
Brooklyn	13	17	.500
San Francisco	12	18	.455
Houston	11	19	.413
Portland	10	20	.370
San Diego	9	21	.333

American Association.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
St. Louis	17	13	.863
San Francisco	16	14	.800
Portland	15	15	.750
San Diego	14	16	.700
San Antonio	13	17	.654
El Paso	12	18	.600
Fort Worth	11	19	.556
Dallas	10	20	.500
Wichita	9	21	.455
Omaha	8	22	.413
Lincoln	7	23	.370
Sioux Falls	6	24	.333

Atlantic Association.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
Jersey City	15	13	.857
Worcester	14	14	.800
Wilmington	13	15	.750
Wichita	12	16	.700
Wichita	11	17	.654
Wichita	10	18	.600
Wichita	9	19	.556
Wichita	8	20	.500
Wichita	7	21	.455
Wichita	6	22	.413
Wichita	5	23	.370
Wichita	4	24	.333

Year Ago To-Day.			
Team	W.	L.	P.
Chicago	17	13	.863
St. Louis	16	14	.800
San Francisco	15	15	.750
Portland	14	16	.700
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# Death of a Famous Trotter.

News has been received of the death of Daniel Lambert, the great sire of trotting horses, which occurred at Millbury, Vt., Saturday night. His death was due to old age, he being thirty-one years old. Thirty-four of his sons and daughters are in the harness, and together with a large number of grandchildren, Lambert was sired by Ethan Allen, dam Fanny Lambert.  
**Dr. McInerney Head From.**  
Dr. John McInerney, the Irish Nationalist, reported to have been made away with by the same assassins who killed Dr. Cronin, is now said to be alive and well. Sup. William Connolly, of the Labor Bureau at Castle Garden, says that he received a telegram from him yesterday stating that he was all right.  
**The Old Boys' Reunion.**  
The "Old Boys" of the Eighth Ward will have a grand reunion and banquet at Frank's Hall, 125 West Houston street, on the night of July 3 and the morning of July 4.  
**A Pure Solace.**  
Is derived from the smoke of a Big Head Cigarette.



### **A Startling Claim.**

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On the 15th of last May, believing that he had arrived at a convincing proof of his view, he chose himself as the next subject for experiment.

This latest searcher for the fountain of youth and the well-spring of life, obtains his panacea in this way:

He takes from young living animals, such as dogs and pigs, certain organs. Those, still palpitating, he casts into a mortar and brays. The triturated organs are then commingled with distilled water and the liquid was filtered.

After this elixir was thoroughly clarified Dr. Brown-Sequard administered to himself a cubic centimetre with an hypodermic syringe, just as morphine is injected.

The Doctor declares that the day following this experiment, after two injections of this vital essence, he felt himself transformed. Up to that time, half an hour's work, standing up in his laboratory, exhausted him.

Now, he declares that he can study three hours uninterruptedly without the least repose. His appetite has increased, his sleep is sweet and refreshing, his stomach performs its functions admirably and his intellectual labor is performed with wonderful ease and clearness. His feelings, also, have become youthful.

Dr. Brown-Sequard declared that the dose he took was equivalent to ten years' rejuvenation. Truly Pascal's remark seems true, that "the mind tires of conceiving before science wearies with supplying."

If further experiments verify the startling assertions of this Parisian alchemist, then truth will be stranger than the fiction of Goethe's "Faust," Bulwer's "Strange Story," and Edmond About's "Man with the Broken Ear."

This will be glorious fruit of Doctor Brown-Sequard forty years of investigation into the nervous system.

- The World {Evening Edition} (New York, NY), 1889, Jul 3, Wed, p. 1.





## ALLEMAGNE

23 juin soir.

Le texte du discours du gouverneur de l'Alsace-Lorraine, M. de Bismarck, a été lu à la séance du conseil.

Le thème de la séance, parmi les autres, a été la République, ainsi que le discours du gouverneur de l'Alsace-Lorraine, M. de Bismarck, a été lu à la séance du conseil.

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La cause de la trop grande tolérance dont jouissent sur notre territoire les éléments anarchistes et révolutionnaires.

Comme puissance amie de la Suisse, garantie de sa neutralité, elle envisageait que cette neutralité implique pour nous le devoir de fournir les garanties nécessaires contre les menées qui peuvent troubler la paix intérieure de leur pays, faite de quoi elles devraient examiner si notre neutralité est encore dans leurs intérêts.

Dans plusieurs communications, l'Allemagne s'est exprimée dans le même sens au sujet de notre neutralité.

Nous avons répondu à la Russie et à l'Autriche, en ce qui concerne l'accomplissement de nos devoirs internationaux, de la même manière qu'à l'Allemagne. Nous avons ensuite fait observer aux trois puissances que la surveillance et la répression des menées anarchistes et révolutionnaires ne sauraient être considérées comme un devoir spécial à la Suisse et résultant de sa neutralité, le même devoir incombe à tout Etat, qu'il soit neutre ou non.

Quand aux mesures contre les auteurs de désordres, nous n'avons à les discuter avec personne, et nous devons nous réserver de les prendre en vertu de notre libre arbitre. Ce sont là des questions d'ordre intérieur dans lesquelles nous ne pouvons, Etat souverain, admettre aucune ingérence étrangère.

Nous avons spécialement relevé que notre neutralité n'altère pas notre souveraineté et qu'il n'est pas possible d'être véritablement neutre, si l'on n'est pas indépendant. C'est ce que les puissances ont reconnu lorsqu'elles ont proclamé, dans l'acte du 29 novembre 1815, que la neutralité et l'inviolabilité de la Suisse, et son indépendance de toute influence étrangère sont dans les vrais intérêts de l'Europe entière.

Nous avons déclaré, en conséquence, que nous devons nous maintenir fermement sur ce terrain, en faisant remarquer, d'ailleurs, que la neutralité de la Suisse repose aussi sur sa propre volonté.

Le débat de ces graves questions n'étant pas encore officiellement clos, nous croyons devoir nous en tenir, pour aujourd'hui, à ces communications. Quand le moment de nous en faire d'autres plus détaillées sera venu, nous pourrions vous convaincre mieux encore que nous n'avons et que nous n'aurons rien négligé pour sauvegarder, à tous égards, la dignité, les intérêts et les droits de souveraineté de la Suisse.

Quelle que soit, du reste, l'issue de ce débat, nous sommes en face d'une situation à laquelle nous devons nous adresser avec la plus sérieuse attention. Le conseil fédéral est chargé du soin des relations extérieures, pour qu'il puisse faire face à sa lourde responsabilité, il faut que vous lui en donniez tous les moyens.

Vous aurez à vous prononcer sur les mesures qu'il vous propose dans ce but. Il doit en particulier demander d'être mis en mesure, dans les limites de la constitution, d'exercer une surveillance plus efficace sur les éléments étrangers qui menacent notre sécurité, et de remédier aussi aux déficiences que nous avons constatées dans nos moyens d'action contre eux.

sur ces deux années de séjour à Magdebourg que vous voudriez quelques détails. Mais cela se borne à si peu de chose!

Vous savez dans quelles circonstances j'ai été condamné, après quatre mois de prison préventive. Coudamné parce que deux fois j'avais payé ma cotisation de membre de cette Ligue des patriotes qui depuis... les Alsaciens-Lorrains alors estimaient ses vertus.

Pour nous, qui sommes demeurés Français au fond du cœur, qui demeurons Français malgré tout, et à cause même des souffrances que nous endurons, la Ligue des patriotes, cela représente l'idée de la patrie, c'est-à-dire l'idée autour de laquelle on se groupe, dans un même élan, quelque opinion que l'on professe, d'ailleurs, sur les questions politiques et sociales.

Que tout cela ait changé depuis lors, je n'en veux rien connaître et n'entends point m'en inquiéter.

C'est donc pour le seul fait d'avoir payé deux fois la cotisation de la ligue que j'ai été arraché à ma famille, enlevé à mes occupations et jeté dans une forteresse.

Ah! la vie n'y était point agréable! Quoique injustement privé des sorties que j'ai de certaines heures on accorde aux condamnés qui subissent cette peine, presque tous des condamnés politiques, l'existence était supportable cependant pour moi jusqu'au mois d'octobre de l'année dernière. Je pouvais recevoir mes parents, mes amis. Ma femme et ma fille, qui durant ces deux années n'ont pas quitté Magdebourg, passaient avec moi une partie de leurs journées, et je ne m'estimais pas malheureux.

Mais, au mois d'octobre 1888, fut-ce par ordre, fut-ce par une fantaisie inexplicable, le gouverneur de la forteresse m'interdit subitement de recevoir des visites.

J'ai toute raison de croire que ce fut une simple fantaisie, car les gouverneurs de forteresse sont omnipotents dans leur domaine. Ce qui le prouve, c'est qu'à partir du commencement de ce mois de juin où nous sommes, c'est-à-dire quinze jours environ avant ma libération, un nouveau gouverneur ayant pris le commandement, j'ai tout de suite joui d'une quasi liberté.

Mais comprenez-vous bien tout ce qu'a d'horrible cette situation: cloîtré dans une enceinte, à quelques centaines de mètres des êtres qui vous sont chers, et ne pas pouvoir les embrasser pendant huit longs mois!

Enfin, ce temps d'épreuve est fini. Je suis de retour en France, et le voudrais-je même, je ne puis plus la quitter.

les théâtres? On dit qu'on veut populariser l'art. Mais comment des subventions accordées à des théâtres de Paris peuvent-elles servir à répandre l'art parmi les populations des Pyrénées?

M. AUDIN DE VILLAIN. — Cela sert à donner des billets de faveur aux ministres.

M. MICHOV. — J'y reviendrai tout à l'heure. Comment! vous démocratisiez l'art en accordant des subventions aux théâtres? Et à quel théâtre! A ceux qui sont réservés aux privilégiés de la fortune, à ceux qui font payer leurs places le plus cher.

Si vos subventions doivent s'adresser au plus grand nombre de citoyens, il vaudrait mieux subventionner les petits théâtres qui sont les plus fréquentés. (Exclamations et rires.)

Voilà à gauche. — Guignol! M. MICHOV. — Le théâtre de l'Opéra ne fait pas payer deux sous comme Guignol. (On rit.)

Combien y a-t-il de théâtres subventionnés? Il y en a quatre: l'un reçoit 800,000 francs pour huit mois, à raison de trois représentations par semaine. Il est vrai qu'il y a les bals; qu'y a-t-il de démocratique dans ces bals, qu'y a-t-on fait? (On rit.)

A ce moment, M. Michou s'est levé la face. On lui criait: « Glissez! Glissez! » et il a glissé, en effet. Comme plusieurs de ses collègues lui objectaient que, sans subvention, l'Opéra ne pouvait que déprimer et mourir: « Allons donc! a-t-il répondu, l'Opéra n'est pas mort, car j'y suis passé l'autre jour, et j'ai bien entendu qu'on y faisait du bruit! »

Le service de la sûreté recherchait cet homme d'autant plus activement qu'on avait quelque raison de croire, qu'en sa qualité d'anarchiste, il n'était pas étranger à l'explosion du bureau de placement de la rue Berthe.

M. Goron, chef de la sûreté, fut informé qu'au No. 203 du faubourg Saint-Martin, habitait un nommé Marzaki, dont les allures étaient assez suspectes et dont le signalement correspondait à celui de Pini. Le brigadier Gaillard et deux agents furent chargés de l'arrêter. Ils arrivèrent chez lui juste au moment où il sortait, et ce n'est qu'après une lutte acharnée qu'ils réussirent à l'amener à la sûreté.

Je ne suis pas... que vous cherchez, fut la première réponse que Pini fit à M. Goron. — Le fils de la terre. Je ne sais pas ce que vous voulez dire avec votre Saint-Martin. Je suis arrivé à Paris le mardi et, n'ayant pas d'argent, j'ai cherché dans des asiles de nuit.

confectionnées avec des dentelles et des coupons de soie volés rue de la Faisanderie, chez un peintre espagnol, M. Escouria.

Ces arrestations ont été aussitôt suivies de celles d'un homme et d'une femme qui s'étaient fait prendre à la souricière établie au No. 208 et qui ont refusé de donner leurs noms et leur domicile, et du frère de Schrappe et de sa femme. Celui-ci, qui se faisait appeler Jules Leclair et habitait toujours le même faubourg, au No. 147, avait loué, rue de Bellefond, un atelier où il avait installé une imprimerie destinée à l'impression des placards anarchistes. Chez les deux frères, M. Goron a trouvé des mèches de poudre à mine, des fusils à vent, une grande quantité de montres dont les boîtiers avaient été enlevés et vendus pour la fonte, des couverts et des couteaux marqués M. Q.

Les vols commis par cette bande, dont tous les membres ne sont pas encore arrêtés, sont innombrables, et cette affaire prend, dès à présent, d'importantes proportions.

## LE TRIOMPHE DU COCHON D'INDE

M. Brown-Séguard est évidemment l'homme du jour. Sa prodigieuse découverte a fait battre le cœur de plus d'un sexagénaire. Quelle merveille de simplicité! Emprunter à un petit cochon d'Inde, bien vivant, des parcelles de certains organes spéciaux, les triturer dans un mortier, les étendre d'un peu d'eau, injecter sous la peau ce mélange à l'aide d'une petite seringue à morphine, et c'est tout: la force est jouée! La vigueur reviendra aux organes affaiblis, le vieillard se rira des années et ce sera pour tous un printemps perpétuel. O petit cochon d'Inde, sois béni. C'est par toi que l'homme fut sauvé, c'est par toi qu'il est sauvé. Tout est bien.

Mais ne s'est-on pas un peu trop facilement enthousiasmé? M. Georges Pouchet, le chroniqueur scientifique du *Sicle*, fait ses réserves.

Les communications de M. Brown-Séguard faites à la Société de biologie ont été écoutées, comme on pense, avec la plus grande attention. Mais nous ne devons pas dissimuler non plus que certaines objections se sont aussitôt produites. On s'est étonné que le choix de l'animal sur lequel on prend ces organes spéciaux soit indifférent. D'individu à individu, dans la même espèce, l'effet de ces injections sous-cutanées était déjà fort extraordinaire; d'une espèce à l'autre, en dehors de certains cas déterminés, comme de l'âne au cheval, du lièvre au lapin, cela renverse toutes les notions que nous avons aujourd'hui sur la vie et les conditions de sa propagation.

Et M. Pouchet conclut sagement: « Il est bon d'attendre; il faut voir si quelque cause d'erreur ne s'est pas glissée dans les premiers essais expérimentaux de M. Brown-Séguard. On peut être un très grand physiologiste et se tromper un jour, s'appeler Homère et dormir quelquefois. »

Sans compter qu'on ne peut prévoir toutes les conséquences désastreuses de ce mode de rejuvenescence.

On se rappelle le *Nez d'un Notaire*. Si le Brown-Séguard n'allait plus pouvoir être amoureux que d'une femelle de cochon d'Inde!

## "L'A-PROPOS" AU THÉÂTRE

C'est un chapitre amusant des annales théâtrales que celui des réparties heureuses, des trouvailles improvisées, des mots ajoutés au rôle, par une inspiration qui sauve une situation.

C'est l'aventure, souvent répétée, Bordier, qui entend, au moment où il entre en scène, un violent coup de sifflet: « Mon ami, dit-il au comédien qui jouait le rôle de son domestique, ferme la fenêtre, le vent siffle! »

Bonneval, dans *L'Avare*, dissimule avec un singulier a-propos, sinon avec un scrupuleux respect pour le texte de Molière, le manque de mémoire d'une jeune actrice.

A une réplique, celle-ci troublée, ne sut que répondre.

« Elle a raison, dit Bonneval, à son compliment, pas de réponse! Mais ce sont là de vieilles anecdotes. M. Galipaux le fantaisiste comédien du Palais-Royal, vient de se plaire à ajouter quelques paragraphes à ce chapitre, et il cite un certain nombre d'exemples de cet esprit d'a-propos, au théâtre, qui sont vraiment drôles, et qu'il certifie authentiques. »

Frédéric-Lemaître devait, un jour, jouer à Melun la tragédie. Mais il s'était fait longtemps attendre. Il arrive enfin, au moment où le régisseur désespérait de le voir. Or, ce régisseur jouait le « confident ». Il entre en scène, et encore ému des inquiétudes qu'il avait éprouvées, il oublie d'ôter ses lunettes.

Frédéric s'aperçoit de son oubli, qui donnait une bien singulière attitude à un confident de tragédie, et pour l'avertir, il change tranquillement le vers de son rôle, en leur donnant un accent pathétique: « Quoi! tes yeux affaiblis par les pleurs et les veilles! »

Aussitôt on entend un grand bruit. C'est le souffleur qui se trouve mal à force de rire et qui tombe de sa chaise. Plus de souffleur! En province! Le désastre est complet. Frédéric sauve la situation, en s'écriant: « Entendez-vous ce grand bruit? Je crois qu'il serait sage de chercher au palais l'abri contre l'orage... »

Et il disparaît, entraînant son confident ahuri.

Gil-Pérez jouait un soir le rôle d'un vieux domestique: il faisait très chaud; il avait enlevé un moment sa perruque blanche, dans la coulisse.

Il entre, au moment de sa réplique, sans penser à la remettre.

## LUTON

(Suite.)

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Il demeura longtemps, les yeux fixés sur la ville, tandis que de la main gauche il fourgonnait parmi les épaisses boucles de sa chevelure. De temps à autre, il prêtait l'oreille. Puis il laissait échapper un long soupir, réprimait un mouvement d'impatience.

« Allons! Hans Hackim! finit-il par grogner, du calme! Tu n'es pas le maître, tu es l'esclave. Peut-être, un jour, ton tour viendra-t-il! Peut-être un jour est-ce elle qui obéira à tes ordres. En attendant, tu n'as qu'à obéir. »

## V. — LA REINE DES TZIGANES.

Dans l'après-midi de ce même jour, un landau commandé par une dépêche, déposait dans la cour de l'hôtel de la Paix, sur la place Maubourguet, la baronne de Steinberg qui venait d'arriver par l'express, de Bordeaux. Le patron de l'hôtel, s'avança à la rencontre de la voyageuse.

« Alors, ce cocher me conduira. Prévenez-moi dans mon appartement dès que la voiture sera prête. »

« Bien, madame. Puis-je demander à madame la baronne si elle rentrera tard cette nuit? »

« Hélas! murmura-t-elle encore, je vais les voir, tous ceux de ma tribu, tous ceux que je devrais aimer. J'en suis séparée depuis de longs mois, et je n'ai point eu une pensée pour eux. Et mon cœur ne bat pas plus vite en songeant que je vais les revoir. Allons! Plus que jamais il est mort, ce misérable cœur! Ah! s'il avait pu ne pas vivre jadis, ne pas battre! Que de douleurs, que de tortures je me serais épargnées! »

On allait Moïna, la reine des Romanis? Rejoindre sa tribu. Elle avait fini de jouer le personnage de la baronne de Steinberg. Elle redevenait la bohémienne et pendant quelque temps s'apprêtait à courir le monde dans cette maison roulante d'où nous avons vu descendre Hans Hackim.

Le jour avait complètement disparu, et la voiture commandée par Moïna courait sur la route de Lourdes. Lorsque l'attelage eut dépassé de beaucoup les dernières maisons de la ville, que sur la route déserte, aux rayons de la lune blanche, personne ne fut en vue, Moïna baissa l'une des glaces de devant et adressa la parole au cocher.

« C'est bien, Macilu, lui dit-elle, tu t'es trouvé à ton poste, tu es un bon Roman, on peut compter sur toi à l'occasion. Je saurai le reconnaître, sois tranquille, je te récompenserai. »

meure à l'instant! et que je sois enterré comme un chien si je ne vous dis pas la vérité.

« Bien! bien! Hans Hackim! répondit Moïna ne conservant plus aucun doute. Bien! cette fois je suis contente, heureuse. »